

T H E

BRAVE IRISHMAN.

By MR THOMAS SHERIDAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Edinburgh.

<i>Captain O' Blunder,</i>	-	-	-	Mr Kennedy.
<i>Tradewell, a merchant</i>	-	-	-	Mr Salmon.
<i>Chesterwell,</i>	-	-	-	Mr Davenport.
<i>Scenes,</i>	-	-	-	Mr Keasberry.
<i>Serjeant,</i>	-	-	-	Mr Lancashire.
<i>Dr Glyster,</i>	-	-	-	Mr Wright.
<i>Dr Gallypot,</i>	-	-	-	Mr Stamper.
<i>Monsieur Ragou,</i>	-	-	-	Mr Heyman.

W O M E N.

<i>Lucy, daughter to Tradewell</i>	-	Miss Wells.
<i>Betty,</i>	-	Miss Hamilton.

Mob, Keepers, &c.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter LUCY and BETTY.

LUCY.

TIS not the marriage, but the man, we hate;

'Tis there we reason and debate;

For, give us but the man we love,

We're sure the marriage to approve.

Well, this barbarous will of parents is a great drawback on the inclinations of young people.

Betty. Indeed, and so it is, Mem. For my part, I'm no heiress, and therefore at my own disposal; and if I was under the restraint of the act, and kept from men, I would run to feed, so I would.—But la! Mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believes that I saw your Irish lover

the captain; and I conceits it was he, and no other, so I do;—and I saw him go into the blue pollices, so I did.

Lucy. My Irish lover, Miss Pert! I never so much as saw his face in all my born days, but I hear he's a strange animal of a brute.—Pray, had he his wings on? I suppose they saved him in his passage.

Betty. Oh! Mem, you mistakes the Irishmen. I am told they are as gentle as doves to our sex, with as much politeness and sincerity as if born in our own country.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Miss, your most humble and obedient—I come to acquaint you of our danger; our common enemy is just imported hither, and is enquiring for your father's house thro' every street.—The Irish captain, in short, is come to London. Such a figure! and so attended by the rabble!

Lucy. I long to see him; and Irishmen, I hear, are not so despicable; besides, the captain may be misrepresented. [*Aside.*] Well, you know my father's design is to have as many suitors as he can, in order to have a choice of them all.

Cheat. I have nothing but your prepossessions and sincerity to depend on. O, here's my trusty Mercury.

Enter Sconce.

Well Sconce, have you dogged the captain?

Sconce. Yes, yes. I left him snug in the Blue Posts, devouring a large dish of potatoes and half a surloin of beef for his breakfast. He's just pat to our purpose; easily humm'd, as simple and as undesigning as we would have him. Well, and what do you propose?

Cheat. Propose, why to drive him back to his native bogs as fast as possible.

Lucy. Oh! Mr Cheatwell—pray let's have a sight of the creature.

Cheat. Oh! female curiosity—Why, child, he'd frighten thee;—he's above six feet high.

Sconce. A great huge back and shoulders—wears a great long sword, which he calls his *sweetlips*.

Lucy. I hear the Irish are naturally brave.

Sconce. And carries a large oaken cudgel, which he calls his *shillela*.

Lucy. Which he can make use of on occasions, I suppose. [*Aside.*]

Sconce. Add to this a great pair of Jack-boots, a Cumber-
berland

berland pinch to his hat, an old red coat, and a damn'd potatoe-face.

Lucy. He must be worth seeing, truly.

Cheat. Well, my dear girl, be constant, wish me success; for I shall so hum, so roast, and so banter this same Irish captain, that he'll scarce wish himself in London again these seven years to come.

Lucy. About it—Adieu—I hear my father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Captain O'Blunder and Sergeant.

Capt. Tho' I will be dying,
For captain O'Brien,
In the county of Kerry;
Tho' I would be sad,
I'll be very glad
That you will be merry.

Upon my shoul, this London is a pretty fort of a plaash enough. And so you tells me, Chergeant, that Terence M'Gloodtery keeps a goon.

Serg. Yes, Sir.

Capt. Monomundioul! but when I go back to Ireland, if I catches any of these spalpeen brats keeping a goon, to destroy the shentleman's creation, but I will have 'em shot stone-dead first, and phipt thorow the regiment afterwards.

Serg. You mean that they shall be whipped first, and then shot.

Capt. Well, ishn't it the same thing? Phat the devil magnifies that? 'Tis but phipping and shooting all the time; 'tis the same thing in the end sure, after all your cunning; but still you'll be a wiseacre. Monomundioul, there ishn't one of these spalpeens that has a cabbin upon a mountain, with a bit of a potatoe-garden at the back of it, but will be keeping a goon; but that damn'd M'Gloodtery is an old poacher, he shoots all the rabbits in the country to flock his own burrough with—But Chergeant, don't you think he'll have a fine time on't that comes after me to Ballyshans Duff.

Serg. Why, Sir?

Capt. Why, don't you remember that I left an empty hog'shead half full of oats there?

Serg. You mean, Sir, that you left it half full, and it is empty by this time.

Capt.

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

Capt. Phat magnifies that, you fool? 'tis all the same thing, sure. But d'ye hear, Chergeant, stop and enquire for Mr Tradwell's the merchant,—at the sign of the—Oh! Cangrane, that's not it, but it was next door—Arrah, go ask phat sign my cousin Tradwell lives at next door to it.

Enter a Mob, who stare and laugh at him.

1 *Mob.* Twig his boots.

2 *Mob.* Smoke his sword, &c. &c.

Capt. Well, you scoundrels, you sons of whores, did you never see an Irish shentleman before?

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. O fie, gentlemen! are you not ashamed to mock a stranger after this rude manner?

Capt. This is a shivil short of a little fellow enough.

[Aside.

Sconce. If he is an Irishman, you may see by his dress and behaviour that he is a gentleman.

Capt. Yesh, you shons of whores, don't you see by my dress that I am a shentleman? And if I have not better cloaths on now, phat magnifies that? sure I can have them on to-morrow. By my shoul, if I take my shillela to you, I'll make you skip like a dead salmon.

Sconce. Oh, for shame, gentlemen, go about your business: The first man that offers an insult to him, I shall take it as an affront to myself.

[Mob exeunt.

Capt. *[to Sconce.]* Shir, your humble servant; you seem to be a shivil, mannerly kind of a gentleman, and I shall be glad to be gratified with your nearer acquaintance.

[Salute.]

Sconce. Pray, Sir, what part of England come you from?

Capt. The devil a part of England am I from, my dear; I am an Irishman.

Sconce. An Irishman! Sir, I should not suspect that; you have not the least bit of the brogue about you.

Capt. Brogue! No, my dear; I always wear shoes, only now and then when I have boots on.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Captain O'Blunder! Sir, you're extremely welcome to London—Sir, I'm your most sincere friend, and devoted humble servant.

Capt. Arra then! how well every body knows me in London—to be sure they have read of my name in the newspapers,

newspapers, and they know my faash ever since—Shir, I'm your most engaging conversation. [*Salute.*]

Cheat. And, Captain, tell us how long are you arrived!

Capt. Upon my shoul, I'm just now come into London.

Cheat. I hope you had a good passage.

Capt. Passage d'ye call it? Devil split it for a passage. By my shoul, my own bones are shore after it—We were on the devil's own turnpike for eight-and-forty hours; to be sure, we were all in a comical pickle.—I'll tell you, my dear: We were brought down from Rings-end in the little young ship to the Pool-pheg, and then put into the great ship—the horse—ay, ay—the Race-horse they call'd it. But I believe, my dear, it was the devil's own post-horse; for I was no sooner got into the little room down stairs, by the corner of the hill of Hoath, but I was taken with such a head-ach in my stomach, that I thought my guts would come out upon the floor; so, my dear, I call'd out to the landlord, the captain they call him, to stop the ship while I did die and say my prayers: So, my dear, there was a great noise above; I run up to see what was the matter.—Oh hone, my dear, in one minute's time there wasn't a sheet or blanket but phat was haul'd up to the top of the house—Oh, kingrann, says I, turn her about and let us go home again; but, my dear, he took no more notice of me than if I was one of the spalpeens below in the cellar going over to reap in harvest.

Cheat. No, Captain?—the unmannerly fellow! And what brought you to London, Captain?

Capt. Fait, my dear jewel, the stage-coach; I sail'd in it from Chester.

Cheat. I mean what business?

Capt. How damn'd inquisitive they are here! but I'll be as cunning as no man alive. [*Aside.*] By my shoul, my jewel, I am going over to Wirgianny to beat the French—they say they have driven our countrymen out of their plantations: By my shoul, my jewel, if our troops get vonse among them, we'll cut them all in pieces, and then bring them over prisoners of war besides.

Cheat. Indeed, Captain, you are come upon an honourable expedition—But pray, how is the old gentleman your father? I hope you left him in good health?

Capt. Oh, by my shoul, he's very well, joy; for he's dead and buried these ten years.

Cheat. And the old gentleman your uncle?

Capt.

6 THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

Capt. I don't believe you mean that uncle, for I never had one.

Cheat. No ! I'm sure—

Capt. O, I'll tell you who you mean ; you mean my chifter's husband ; you fool you, that's my brother in law—

Cheat. Ay, a handsome man—as proper a man—

Capt. Ha, ha, a handsome man ! Ay, for he's a damn'd crooked fellow ; he's bandy-shoulder'd, and has a hump on his nose, and a pair of huckle-backs upon his shins, if you call that handsome, ha, ha !

Cheat. And pray is that merry joking gentleman alive still—he that used to make us laugh so—Mr—Mr—
A—

Capt. Phugh, I'll tell you who you mean ; you mean Sheela Shagnaffy's husband, the parson.

Cheat. The very same.

Capt. Oh, my dear jewel, he's as merry as he never was in his life. Phin I'm by, he's sometimes pretty smart upon me with his bumblebugs—But I told him at last, before Captain Flaharty, Miss Mulfinin, and Miss Owney Glasmogonogh—Hark ye, Mr parson, says I, by my shoul, you have no more wit than a goose. Oh hone ! he was struck at that, my dear, and hadn't a word in his cheek. Arra, my jewel, I'll tell you the whole story. We took a walk together ; it was a fine calm morning, considering the wind was very high ; so, my dear, the wind 'twas in our backs going, but by my shoul, as we came back, 'twas in our faash coming home ; and yet I could never persuade him that the wind was turn'd—

Cheat. Oh the fool !

Capt. Arra, so I told him, my jewel. Pugh, you great onf, says I—if the wind blows in your back going, and blows in your faash coming, sure the wind is turn'd—No, if I was to preach, and to preach till last Patrick's day in the morning, I could not dissuade him that the wind was turn'd.

Cheat. He had not common sense—Well, and does the old church stand where it did ?

Capt. The old church—the devil a church I remember within ten miles of us—

Cheat. I'm sure there was an old building like a church or castle.

Capt. Phoo, my jewel, I know what you call a church
—By

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

7

—By my shoul, 'tis old lame Will Hurly's mill you mean—the devil a church—indeed they say mafs in it sometimes. Here, Terence, go to that son of a whore of a taylor, and see whether my cloaths be done or no.

[Exit Terence,

Cheat. Sure I should know that sergeant of your's, his name is—

Capt. Wiseacre, my dear: He's the best recruiting-sergeant in all Ireland; and, my dear, he understands riding as well as no man alive; and he was manured to it from his cradle. I brought him over to see if I could get no preferment for him at all: If I could get him now to be a riding-master to a regiment of marines, he would be very well; for I gave him a word of advice myself. Hark ye, Terence, says I—

Cheat. Terence!

Capt. Ay, that's his name—Hark ye, Terence, says I, you have a long time lain under the computation of being a Papist; and if ever you come into the field of battle, it will be encumbered upon you, to stigmatize yourself like a shentleman; and I warrant, let him alone, I'll warrant he plays his part, if once they come to dry blows.

Enter Sconce, with Monsieur Ragou. Talk apart.

Sconce. Consider, Monsieur, he's your rival, and is come purely and with an intent to rob you of your mistress.

Monf. Is he? *Le fripon—le grand fripon! Parbleu!* me no indure dat—*Ist l'epée*—my vat you call—my sword—*Est bien assuré*—me no suffer dat.

Sconce. And he's the greatest of all cowards—tho' he carries that great swaggering broad-sword—Believe me, Monsieur, he would not fight a cat—he'd run away if you drew upon him.

Monf. *Etes vous bien assuré*, are you well assur'd, *mon ami*, dat he be de grand coward—*Eh bien*—Vel ten—I vill have his blood—My heart go pit-a-pat, [*aside.*] *Je n'ai pas le courage*, I have not de good courage.

Sconce. Tut, man, only affront him—go up to him.

Monf. Me fall shew him de bon address—*Helas*—[*goes up to the Captain*] *Monsieur le Capitaine, vous etes le grand fripon.*

Capt. Well, gelun a gud, have you any Irish?

Monf. Ireland! me be no such outlandish contre; you smell of de potatoe.

Capt. Do I?—By my shoul, I did not taast a pratty

since I left Ireland. May be he has a mind to put the front upon me? [To Cheatwell.]

Cheat. It looks very like it, very like it, Captain.

Capt. Fait, my jewel, I don't know a more peaceable companion than sweet-lips here, [putting his hand to his sword]; but if he's provok'd, he's no slouch at it—Do you mean to front me, you French boogre?—Eh—

Monf. Affront—You be de Teague—de vile Irishman—de potatoe-face—Me no think it vort my while to notice you—*Allez vous en*—Get you gone, Sir—go about your business—go to your own hottontot contre.

Capt. Hot and trot! Oh ho, are you there? Take that, you French son of a whore. [Gives him a box on the ear.] Here, my dear, take my shillela. [Gives his cudgel to Cheatwell.]

Sconce. Draw, for he won't fight. [Aside to the Frenchman.]

Monf. He be de terrible countenance—he be fort enragé, devilish angry! Ala, Monsieur, me demand satisfaction.

[Draws.]

Capt. Come on, you soup-maigre. [They fight, Monsieur falls.] After that you are easy—Who smells of prat-ties now, you refugee son of a whore?—Affront an Irish shentleman! Ah, long life to my little sweet-lips, it never miss'd fire yet.

Sconce. The man is dead.

Capt. Is he?—Phat magnifies that?—I killed him in the fair duelling way.

Cheat. But, Captain, 'tis death by the law to duel in England; and this is not a safe place for you—I'm heartily sorry for this accident.

Capt. Arra, my jewel, they don't mind it in Ireland one trawneen.

Cheat. Come, Captain, safe's the word—the street will be soon alarmed—You can come to my house till the danger's over, and I will get you bail.

Capt. By my shoul, I believe 'tis the best way, for fear of the boners. So farewell, Mr Shatisfacts.

[Exeunt Cheatwell and Captain.]

Sconce. Are you dead, Monsieur?

Monf. Ay, quite dead, quite run thro' the body, beggar; dead as a door-nail.

Sconce. Why, you have no wound; you are not hurt.

Monf. Am I not hurt, do you say?—Begar, I am glad
he

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

He be gone. *Parbleu! il avoit de long rapier*—He be de terrible Irishman; 'tis vel me fall in time, or he make me fall so dat me never *refusciter*, never get up again. Get you into my scabbard; and if ever I draw you again, may de horse-pond be my portion; may I be drown'd in soup-maigre. Come, Monsieur, come along, Sir. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE, a Mad-house.

Enter Captain and Cheatwell.

Cheat. This is my house; I'll go and get proper things for your accommodation; but you had best give me your sword, for fear of suspicion. [*Takes his sword and cudgel.*]
[*Exit.*

Capt. Ay, and take shillela too for fear of suspicion.

[*Sings*] Of all the fish in the sea,
Herring is king,

Huggermenany, &c.

[*Looks about.*] Fait, my cousin's house is a brave large place—'tis so big as a little town in Ireland—tho' 'tis not so very well furnished—but I suppose the maid was cleaning out the rooms—So—who are these now?—Some acquaintances of my cousin's, I suppose.

Enter Dr Clyster and Dr Gallypot. Both salute the Captain.

Capt. Shentlemens, being my friend's friend, I am your most humble sharvant—But where's my cousin?

Clyst. His cousin! What does he mean?

Gally. What should a madman mean? He's very far gone.

Capt. No, my dear, he's only gone to see whether the fellow be dead that I kilt.

Gally. Sir, we come to treat you in a regular manner.

Capt. O dear shentlemen, 'tis too much trouble—You need not be over regular—A single joint of meat, and a good glass of ale, will be a very good treat, without any needless expence.

Clyst. Do you mind that symptom—the canine appetite!

Capt. Nine appetites—No, my jewel; I have an appetite like other people; a couple of pounds will serve me if I was ever so hungry—Phat the devil do you talk of nine appetites? do they think I'm a cat, that have as many stomachs as lives?

[*Aside.*

Gally. He looks a little wild, brother.

Capt. Phat, are you brothers?

K 2

Both

30 THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

Both. Pray, Sir, be seated; we shall examine methodically into your case.

[*They sit—the Captain in the middle—they feel his pulse—he stares at them.*]

Capt. Phat the devil do you mean by taking me by the wrists? May be 'tis the fashion of compliment in London.

Gally. First, brother, let us examine the symptoms.

Capt. By my shoul, the fellows are fools.

Clyst. Pray, Sir, how do you rest?

Capt. In a good feather-bed, my jewel—and sometimes I take a nap in an arm-chair.

Clyst. But do you sleep sound?

Capt. Fuit, my dear, I snore all night; and when I awake in the morning, I find myself fuit asleep.

Gally. The cerebrum or cerebellum is affected.

Capt. The devil a Sir Abram or Bell either I mind.

Gally. How do you eat?

Capt. Width my mouth—How the devil should I eat, d'ye think?

Clyst. Pray, Sir, have you a good stomach? d'ye eat heartily?

Capt. Oh, my dear, I am no slouch at that; tho' a clumsy beef-steak, or the leg and arm of a turkey, with a griskin under the oster, would serve my turn.

Gally. Do you generally drink much?

Capt. Oh, my jewel, a couple of quarts of ale and porter would not choke me. But phat the devil magnifies so many questions about eating and drinking—If you have a mind to order any thing, do it as soon as you can, for I am almost famished.

Clyst. I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and *secundum artem*.

Capt. *Secundum fartem*—I don't see any sign of treating at all. Arra, my jewel, send for a clumsy beef-steak, and don't trouble yourselves about my stomach.

Clyst. I shall give you my opinion concerning this case—
—Brother, Galen lays—

Capt. Well, Gelun agud?

Clyst. I say, that Galen is of opinion, that in all adult complexions—

Capt. Well, and who the devil has a dusty complexion?

Clyst. A little patience, Sir.

Capt. I think I have a great deal of patience—that people can't eat a morsel without so many impertinent questions.
Clyst.

Clyst. *Qui habet vultum adustum,
Habet caninum gustum.*

Capt. I'm sure 'tis a damn'd ugly custom to keep a man fasting so long after pretending to treat him.

Gally. Ay, brother; but Hippocrates differs from Galen in this case.

Capt. Well, but, my jewels, let there be no difference nor falling out between brothers about me; for a small matter will sherve my turn.

Clyst. Sir, you break the thread of our discourse. I was observing, that in gloomy, opaque habits, the rigidity of the solids causes a continual friction in the fluids, which, by being constantly impeded, grow thick and glutinous; by which means, they cannot enter the capillary vessels, nor the other finer ramifications of the nerves.

Gally. Then, brother, from your position, it will be deducible, that the *prime viæ* are first to be cleared, which must be effected by frequent emetics.

Clyst. Sudorifics.

Gally. Cathartics.

Clyst. Pneumatics.

Gally. Restoratives.

Clyst. Corrosives.

Gally. Narcotics.

Clyst. Cephalics.

Gally. Pectorals.

Clyst. Styptics.

Gally. Specifics.

Clyst. Caustics.

Capt. I suppose these are some of the dishes they are to treat me with. How naturally they answer one another, like the parish-minister and the clerk!—By my shoul, jewels, this gibberish will never fill a man's belly.

Clyst. And thus, to speak *summam & articulatim*, or categorically to recapitulate the several remedies in the aggregate, the emetics will clear the first passages, and restore the viscera to their pristine tone, and regulate their peristaltic or vermicular motion; so that from the œsophagus to the rectum, I am for potent emetics.

Gally. And next for sudorifics; as they open the pores, or rather the porous continuity of the cutaneous dermis and epidermis, thence to convey the noxious and melancholy humours of the blood.

Clyst. With cathartics to purge him.

Gally. Pneumatics to scourge him.

Clyst. Narcotics to doze him.

Gally. Cephalics to pose him.

Capt. The devil of so many dishes I ever heard of in my life. Why, my jewels, there's no need for all this cookery. Upon my shoul this is to be a grand entertainment—Well, they'll have their own way.

Clyst. Suppose we use phlebotomy, and take from him thirty ounces of blood.

Capt. Flea my bottom, d'yè say?

Gally. Or, brother, suppose we use a clyster?

Capt. Upon my shoul, I find now how it is: I was invited here to a feast, but it is like to be the backward way.

Gally. His eyes begin to roll—call the keepers.

[Doctors call, and enter Keepers with chains.]

Capt. Flea my bottom!—Oh, my andraferara and shillela, I want you now!—But here's a chair—Flea my bottom, ye sons of whores—ye gibberish scoundrels!

[Takes up a chair, and knocks one of the Keepers down:]

Doctors run off.

Capt. Oh this son of a whore of a cousin of mine, to bring me to these slaves to flea my bottom! If I meet him, I'll flea his bottom. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Sergeant.

Serg. I have been seeking my master every where, and cannot find him; I hope nothing has happen'd to him:—I think that was one of the gentlemen I saw with him.

Enter Sconce.

Serg. Sir, Sir, pray did you see the Captain, my master? Captain O'Blunder, the Irish gentleman?

Sconce. Not I indeed, my friend—I left him last with Mr Cheatwell—I suppose they are taking a bottle—Oh no, here's the Captain.

Enter the Captain running.

Capt. Oh, my dear friend, I had like to be lost, to be ruined by that scoundrel my coulin; I ran away with my life from the thieves: But take care there is no doctor or glyster-pipes or divel-dums among ye.

Sconce. Why, what's the matter?

Capt. That's the thing, my dear—You know you left me at my coulin's house—Well, I walk'd about for some time;

time; to be sure, I thought it an odd sort of a house when I saw no furniture—there I expected my cousin every moment; and, my dear jewel, there came in two bird-line sons of whores with great wigs—they look'd like conjurers and fortune-tellers——So, my dear, one sits down on this side of me, and t'other sits down on this side of me; and I being the turd person, they made me sit down in the middle—So one takes hold of one of my wrists, and the other catches hold of my other wrist, I thought by way of compliment; then they fell a-chattering gibberish, like a couple of old baboons; and all this discourse was conchearning me: They talk'd at first of treating me, and ask'd me if I had a good stomach—One of them said I had nine appetites—But at length, my jewels, what should come of the treat, but they agreed before my faith to fien my bottom—Oh, if I tell you a word of a lie, I'm not here—My dear, they call'd in the keepers to tie me—I up with the chair, for I had given my shillela and my andrefarara to my cousin—I knock'd one of them down on his tonneen, and runs out, and they after, crying out to the people in the street, Stop the madman, stop the madman—Oh hone, my jewel, the people took no notice of them, but ran away from me as if the devil had been in the inside of them: And so I made my escape; and here I am, my dear; and am very glad I have found you, my dear friend.

Scene. I am sorry to see that your cousin has behaved so rudely towards you; but any thing that lies in my power—

Capt. Oh, Sir, you are a very worthy gentleman: But Chergeant, I must go to see my brother Tradewell the merchant and his fair daughter—Has the taylor brought home my cloaths?

Serg. Yes, Sir, and the old gentleman expects you immediately; he sent a man in livery for you.

Capt. Come, my good friend, I won't part with you—I'll step to my lodgings, and slip on my cloaths—that I may pay my due regards to my mistress. [Exit.]

SCENE, a Mad-house.

Enter Cheatwell, Clyster, and Gallypot.

Cheat. I am sorry for this accident.

Clyst. In troth, Mr Cheatwell, he was the most furious madman that I ever met with during the whole course of my practice.

Gally. I'm now surprised how he sat so long quiet.

Cheat.

Cheat. He'll run riot about the streets; but I hope he'll be taken—Oh, here's Sconce.

Enter Sconce.

Well, what news of the Captain?

Sconce. I just ran to let you know of his motions; he is preparing to dress, in order to pay a visit to Miss Lucy, and to pay his respects to Tradewell—but I have worse news for you; 'tis whisper'd upon 'Change that Tradewell is broke.

Cheat. If it should fall out so, I shall easily resign my pretensions to the Captain. 'Twas Lucy's purse, and not her beauty, that I courted.

Sconce. I must run back to the Captain, and keep in with him to serve a turn: Do you at a distance watch us, and proceed accordingly. *[Exit.]*

Cheat. Well, gentlemen, I shall take care to acknowledge your trouble the first time I see you again. So adieu. *[Exit.]*
[Doctors exeunt.]

SCENE, The Captain's Lodgings.

Enter Captain and Sergeant.

Capt. Arra, but who do you think I met yesterday full butt in the street, but Teady Shaghnaffy!

Serg. Well, and how is he?

Capt. Arra, stay, and I'll tell you; he wash at t'oder side of the way; and when I came up, it was not him.—But tell me, dosh my new regimentals become me?

Serg. Yes, indeed, Sir, I think they do.

Capt. This pocket is so high, I must be forced to stoop for my snuff-box.

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. Ha! upon my word, Captain, you look as spruce as a young bridegroom.

Capt. All in good time; and dosh it shitt easy?

Sconce. Easy, Sir! it fits you like a shirt.

Capt. I think 'tis a little too wide here in the sleeve; I'm afraid the fellow hasn't left cloth enough to take it in; tho' I can't blame him neither, for fait I was not by when he took the measure of me. Chergeant, here, take us sixpence-halfpenny, and buy me a pair of phite gloves.

Serg. Sir, I have been all about the town, and can't get a pair under two shillings.

Capt. Two tirtens!

Serg. Two tirtens, Sir.

Capt.

Capt. Two titeens for a pair of gloves! monomundul, but my hands shall go barefoot all the days of their lives before I'll give two titeens for a pair of gloves—Come, come along; I'll go with 'em, my mistress will excuse it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Tradewell's House.

Enter Tradewell and Lucy.

Trad. Well, daughter, I have been examining into the circumstances of Cheatwell, and find he is not worth expence; and as for your French lover, he is some runaway dancing-master or hair-cutter from Paris: So that really, amongst them all, I cannot find any one comes up to your Irish lover, either for birth, fortune, or character.

Lucy. Sir, you're the best judge in disposing of me; and indeed I have no real tender for any one of them—as to the Irish Captain, I have not seen him yet.

Trad. You'll see him presently; I sent to his lodgings, and expect him every moment—Oh, here comes Monsieur.

Enter Monsieur Ragou.

Trad. Well, Monsieur, I have been trying my daughter's affections in regard to you; and as she is willing to be guided by me in this affair, I would willingly know by what visible means you intend to maintain her like a gentlewoman?

Monf. Me have de grand acquaintance with the *beau monde*; and, *si vous plaira*, if you sal please, Sir, to do me de honour of making me your son-in-law, me vill transact your negociations vid all possible care *et belle air*.

Enter Captain and Betty.

Trad. You are welcome, Sir, to my house—this is my daughter—this, child, is Captain O'Blunder, whom I hope you will receive as he deserves.

Capt. Fairest of creatures, will you gratify me with a taste of your sweet delicate lips? [*Kisses her.*] By my shoul, a neat creature, and a good bagoorah girl; she's as fair as an image in Leislip, Egypt I mean—Phat's here? the little fellow that I kilt just now! 'pon my shoul, I have a pratty ready for him now.

Monf. *Oh le diable!*—he spy me now—me better go off velle I am vell.

Capt. [*goes up to Monsieur*] I tought, Monsieur Ragou, that you were ded: Do I smell of the pratty now, you soup-maigre son of a French boogre? *Trad.*

Trad. The Captain has a mind to be merry with the Frenchman.

Capt. By my shoul, my jewel, I have got a pratty for you now; here, eat it—eat this.

Monf. Oh! *pardonnez moi*, pardon me, Sir; I cannot, begar.

Capt. Och ho! come out then, my little sweetlips! [*Draws.*] Eat that pratty this minute, or I'll run my sword up thro' your leg, and thro' your arms, and spit you up, and roast you like a goose, you tawny-faced son of a whore; sure 'tis better nor your garlic or ingyons in France. [*Monf. eats it.*]

Enter a Servant to Tradewell.

Serv. Oh, Sir—there are certain accounts come, that—But these letters will better inform you. [*Exit.*]

Trad. [*reads.*]—O Captain, I'm ruin'd—undone—broke—

Capt. Broke! what have you broke?

Trad. Oh, Sir, my fortune's broke—I'm not a penny above a beggar.

Monf. Oh, den me be off de amour—Me have no dealings with beggars; me have too many of de beggar in my own contre; so me better slip away in good time. *Votre serviteur*—servant, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Capt. March, march, you son of a whore: Arra, get out.

Trad. Now, Captain, you see I have not conceal'd my misfortune from you; so you are at liberty to choose a happier wife,—for my poor child is miserable.

Capt. I thought your ribs was broke. I am no surgeon; but if 'tis only a little money that broke you, give me this lady's lily-white hand, and I'll take her stark-naked, without a penny of money in her pocket, but the cloaths upon her back—and as far as a good estate in land and stock will go, I'll share it with her—and with yourself. Arra, never mind the thieves, my jewel—I'll break their necks before they shall break your little finger. Come, honey, I'll give you a song I made upon this dear creature—

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,

Abroad and at home, or alone in a throng,

I find that my passion's so lively and strong,

That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

17

So strong is the flame in my bosom that glows,
By St Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my cloaths.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

By my shoul, I'm afraid I shall die in my grave,
Unless you'll comply, and poor Phelim will save;
Then grant the petition your lover doth crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll
stride!

In a coach and six horses with my honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this intrusion.

Capt. He! Phat's here! my friendly cousin, that bid
he old conjurers flea my bottom!

Cheat. Sir I beg your pardon in particular, and hope
you'll grant me it. Nothing but necessity was the cause
of my ungente behaviour—This lady I had an esteem for;
but since things have turn'd out as they have, my preten-
sions are without foundation; therefore, Captain, I hope
you'll look upon me in the light of an unfortunate rather
than a bad man.

Capt. Fait, my dear cousin, since love is the cause of
your mourning, I shall forgive you with all my heart.

[Shake hands.]

Cheat. Sir, I shall always esteem your friendship as an
honour; and hope you'll look on me as a poor, unfortunate
young fellow, that has not a shilling, nor the means of get-
ting one, upon the face of the earth.

Capt. Oh! upon my shoul, then, cousin Cheatwell, I
pity your condition with all my heart; and since things
are so bad with you, if you'll take a trip with me to my
Irish plantation along with my dear creature here, I'll give
you 500l. to stock a farm upon my own estate at Bally-
nascushlane in the county of Monaghan, and the barony of
Coogashghly.—Fait, and here's Betty, a tight little girl;
and since you cou'd not get the mistress, if you'll take up
with the maid, my dear here shall give her a couple of hun-
dreds to fortune her off.

Betty. Captain, I'm very much oblig'd to you for get-
ting

ting me a husband; if Mr Cheatwell has any tenders for me, I have a thousand pound left me as a legacy, which is at his service.

Capt. Arra, what's that, my dear! a servant-maid with a thousand pound!—by my shoul there is many a lady in my country, that goes to plays, and balls, and masquerades, that has not half the money, and scorns to make her own smock.

Cheat. I should be blind to my own interest not to accept of such valuable proposals, and with gratitude take your hand, promising for the future to lead a life which shall be a credit both to myself and benefactor.

Capt. Well then, without compliment, I am glad I have made one poor man happy; and since we have made a double match, hey for Ireland, where we will live like Irish kings.

Lucy. This generosity amazes me, and greatly prejudices me in the honesty and goodness of the Irish.

Capt. Oagh my dear little charmer, I've another song just *à propos*.

Of all the husbands living, an Irishman's the best,
With my fal, lal, &c.

No nation on the globe like him can stand the test,
With my fal, lal, &c.

The English they are drones, as plainly you may see
But we're all brisk and airy, and lively as a bee.

With my fal, lal, &c.

